

LIFE AFTER THE GAME

A Homestuck zine
about what came after



FOREWORD

A young fanzine lies on a computer desktop.
It just so happens that today, the 13th of
April, 2021, is this work's date of birth.

Though it was twelve years ago that its
source fandom was given life, it is only
today it will be given a name!

What will the name of this fresh piece
of fan work be?

Life After The Game is a small compilation of
quality fan-made art and fiction put together to
celebrate the 12th anniversary of Homestuck's
official release. Act 1 was published on MSPA on
April 13, 2009, and the webcomic went on until
its last post on October of 2016, which showed
glimpses of Sburb/Sgrub's survivors' lives after
the events of the main plot.

The inspiration for this zine is that gap
between the end of Homestuck itself and the
reality presented to us three years in the
Epilogues. For this compilation, the artists
and writers were invited to think of
possibilities for how the survivors' lives
could have unfolded after The Game, whether in
compliance with post-canon or not, exploring
relationships, themes, dynamics, powers,
choices and other aspects of the universe
beyond HS canon.

Originally organized in the Homestuck Artist
Server on Discord. Work intended for viewers
over 18 years of age, so discretion is advised.

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WORKS





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REC ●



DATE 04/13





Eduy 4/13, 2021





Pumpkin
smut



JOHN: ok ok, how abooout... that one?

DIRK: Hmmm, let's see.

DIRK: From the vacant look in his reptilian eyes, I'd say things aren't going well back at home for Godzilla-san over there.

JOHN: dude, godzilla is a dinosaur!

DIRK: Close enough to a salamander. Shut up and listen to his sad story.

DIRK: Godzille is filing for divorce and taking the kids with her, Godzillette and Godzilla II. They are not very creative, because they're salamanders.

JOHN: yeah the salamanders aren't the brightest bunch of the pack i guess. :B

DIRK: You don't say.

JOHN: hey so imagine it's the end of the world again.

JOHN: which one of those entrepreneurial looking naks will be leader of their session? and show your work.

ehehehehe.

DIRK: Fuck, that's a tough one.

DIRK: How could I possibly choose between boggling vacantly at a brick wall lizard and running around aimlessly with a bucket on its head lizard?

DIRK: Wait, wait, I think we've got another contender:

DIRK: Compulsively drooling lizard, right there to the left. It's about to slip on its own saliva.

JOHN: i see your logic. brick wall nak is clearly a deep-thinker, look at him philosophize so hard he goes cross-eyed. plus staring those bricks down fiercely. at the same time, dirk. respect.

JOHN: bucket nak is doing some hardcore heavy armor training, he's clearly gonna be a star. in the battlefield y- oh shit, he ran blind into a lamp post.

JOHN: aaand now he can't get up. okay, needs work. 3/5 hats only. keep reaching for the stars, little guy.

JOHN: and blubbering nak... he is, uh, developing a slippery defense against enemies' grasp? i don't fucking know.

JOHN: ok, your choices suck. that one, dirk, over there. there's your candidate. see that? he's wearing the beholding robes AND tiny triangle shades. ehehehehe. :B

JOHN: how dare you escape the post-apocalypse, hero your way through a life-or-death game, become a god, create a universe, and all to make that, THAT, the leading fashion trend of a whole innocent young planet? shame on you!

DIRK: Ex-fucking-cuse you, John,
DIRK: That lil' dude is the freshest piece of nak in the joint, bro.
DIRK: Motherfucker got enough swag to kill a denizen on steroids, just take a dirty gander at that sick gear.
DIRK: Goddamn. Not gonna lie, I'm feelin' kinda underdressed here now.
DIRK: Almost makes me wish that the mainstream fashion trend around these parts was your condom-hood PJs instead.
JOHN: almost?? excuse you!! that would be the raddest fashion mile stone in all of Earth C's history!
JOHN: imagine all those teeny guys wearing the Heir getup. their itty bitty bodies against that mighty hood catching wind- oh shit, they'd just get blown away with an average gust, wouldn't they.
JOHN: hey, they might enjoy it. they'd get to fly!! awesome. but dangerous. still: the windsock is the clearly superior god tier gear. unlike the pedestrian and dorky cape.
JOHN: especially the lame ass weeaboo dracula Prince cape. ehehehehe.
DIRK: That would surely be the most interesting thing to happen in their lives.
DIRK: Man, I can't believe you'd slander my expert choice of fashion article like this.
DIRK: Not only is it dignified and fit for a noble, it is also vertiginously fucking badass. Double the visual impact on your adversaries, paired with the poignant pantaloons.
DIRK: I think you're just jealous that my cape has never hindered me in combat, unlike your conic windsack of doom when it got tangled in Jacks's face and he almost grabbed you.
DIRK: In hindsight, though, maybe that could have been played to our advantage. Maybe strangled him with that, would've saved us the trouble of chasing him around to slay him.
JOHN: "the poignant pantaloons", you ultimate dweeb, do you hear yours-
JOHN: ...wait, haha, what?
JOHN: that never happened. i was dealing with the condesce, you, dave and pyrope were the ones dealing with the non-dog jacks. heh.
DIRK: What? No, you were--



DIRK: ...
DIRK: Right. Yeah, no, you're right, the Jacks caught me in a choke-hold and I asked Dave to take them out and revive me later. My bad.
JOHN: ...
JOHN: dirk. are you ok?
DIRK: I'm--
DIRK: ...
DIRK: John, let me ask you something.
DIRK: Do you feel alive right now?
JOHN: ...
JOHN: i- that's-
JOHN: is it a trick question??
JOHN: ...yes.
JOHN: sort of. i don't know! it's complicated!
JOHN: ...you don't?
DIRK: In what way is it complicated? Maybe it'll be easier to explain if you've thought about it.
JOHN: because! the world ended! everyone died, and everything disappeared, except us!

JOHN: then we played a game destined to be lost, tricked it into resetting, escaped from it, met our ecto-semi-clones, and won *their* dead game to become gods of a new universe, most of us after dying at least once. i mean...
JOHN: i held baby you, did you know that? of course you did. i hatched you from a goddamn tub of goo and sent you off on a meteor to post-apocalypse. so yeah, it's fucking weird man! who even knows anymore.

JOHN: ...

JOHN: oof.

JOHN: that. wasn't helpful. sorry.

DIRK: No, that *is* pretty helpful, actually.

DIRK: Not the fact that you cradled baby me in your loving arms, I mean, although I'll be revisiting that fact in the future.

DIRK: The world as we knew it, yours and mine, ended with the Game and we're the only us able to testify to its existence at all.

DIRK: I'd always known we'd someday play Sburb and prepared for it so we'd have a chance of actually beating it. I grew up like that.

DIRK: Then that shit show of a session happened. Nothing went as planned, but we somehow still won, and got to meet you guys from the other session.

DIRK: During all that time, though, I knew what I had to do. There was a goal we all had to achieve and failure was not an option. It felt like we were doing some noteworthy.

DIRK: I can't say I never thought about the "after", because I did. I lived alone in the middle of the ocean, there wasn't much to do besides think yourself to exhaustion sometimes.

DIRK: Still, I figured we'd have meaningful landmarks to keep meeting beyond beating the Game, even if we lived as "gods" in a "paradise" or something equally idealistic. But after all this time, I didn't expect us to just... *settle* like this.

DIRK: Not only that, but it feels... off. As if we've strayed from the right course onto a path that leads fucking nowhere, and we're all just getting lost on the way.

DIRK: It's hard to explain, but I think that awareness has to do with my aspect.

JOHN: you know you wearing a diaper is the fastest, more effective way of getting rid of me forever, right? heh. hehehe.

JOHN: i'm. i'm kidding.

JOHN: nevermind that. dirk...

JOHN: it's ok to feel like that. i mean. more than ok, i think we all feel completely alien to some degree. especially the aliens! ehehehe.

JOHN: ...don't tell kanaya i joked about that, she'll feed me to the mother grub.

JOHN: ...

JOHN: we're all messed up, dirk.

but. i know that some people have it easier driving themselves crazy about it. like rose. or. you.

DIRK: ...

DIRK: I've been... remembering things.

JOHN: "remembering?" oh. like-

JOHN: like other johns?

DIRK: Like other Dirks, but yeah.



DIRK: Things that haven't really happened to me. I mean, in a way, they have, but not to **this** timeline's iteration of me.

DIRK: ...

DIRK: I've even recalled some from Da-- your universe.

JOHN: ...yeah.

JOHN: i... remember people who never existed. not anymore.

DIRK: Then you know the sensation.

DIRK: That's not the point, though. It's not just about feeling foreign to your own home, or being fucked up.

DIRK: This is about posterity. After all we've been through, all we've witnessed, all we've learned, are we really going to sit around and pretend to forget that?

DIRK: Try to lead normal lives? Man, fuck that. We can't possibly have those. It's never been an option for us.

DIRK: We are literal gods. We created this world-- this **universe**, and we're not even **exploring it**.

DIRK: We barely understand the extent of our powers, yet the last time I saw any of us use them for anything other than floating over to Jake's house to watch some troll version of a movie everyone's watched at least a hundred times, it was Roxy, to teleport the TV remote from five feet away.

DIRK: We have a fuckton of plot yet to unravel, but we're feigning normalcy and playing happy house instead.

DIRK: Happy people don't get stories told about them, John.

JOHN: ...

JOHN: you really prefer that? going down in history rather than living?

JOHN: i mean. i guess. but-

JOHN: do you actually want that?

JOHN: or is that just... what you've been prepared to do all your life?

JOHN: maybe- maybe you should try to see it this way.

JOHN: "legends" don't get to have a nice, peaceful life. they get hardship. they get slayed. even if they do come back up! twice is plenty, don't you think?

JOHN: and you can still go out there and explore! have adventures, do great things! you don't need to give up everything for... notoriety?

DIRK: ...

JOHN: ...dirk. you deserve to be happy, i know it- for you it hasn't been- **easy**, and. i know you, and i know dave, and i know you're always in a constant state of "waiting for the other shoe to drop". i get that.

JOHN: but you deserve to forget growing up like that. you deserve to be with loved ones, and have hobbies, and do whatever the hell you want, and just... be happy!!

JOHN: you deserve a **real life**.

JOHN: ...

JOHN: is it- because-

JOHN: ...are you unhappy?

DIRK: ...

DIRK: "Happy". That's an elusive word.

DIRK: I know what you mean when you ask that, even if I don't know whether my answer would strike you as bad or good. However, it's different for me.

DIRK: I tend to think of happiness as the state of absence of distress, or the complementary group to what you would call "unhappiness".

DIRK: And even so, if events develop in a way unfavorable to me personally, I don't turn away from them. Especially if there's something that needs to be done.

DIRK: That is to say, I don't want a "peaceful" life, John. What's the point?

DIRK: I have infinite other selves out there, and I bet my ass on a silver platter that the Dirk following the timeline straight from the game is not me.

DIRK: What happens to this version of me, then? If I'm not the one who makes it, is it even worth seeking the meaning of this? I don't want to, I don't know, fade into the void. I--

DIRK: ...

DIRK: I don't want to disappear.

JOHN: ...

JOHN: you don't want to disappear, dirk. that's the point. no one wants you to.

JOHN: ...i don't want you to. that can have value or not, but.

JOHN: do it for you! come on. you're wearing the dumbest sbahj quote on your chest right now! heh. heheh.

JOHN: obviously you know how to have fun and enjoy shit, so let yourself. you can do it. i believe in you.

JOHN: ...or so i would say, if i didn't know for a fact that you know how to party. heh.

JOHN: ahem.

DIRK: ...I've heard the exact opposite, many times before, actually.

DIRK: Not about that, though. Not many people have seen me in the state I was in that day.

DIRK: Feel special yet?

JOHN: hell yes. :B

JOHN: ...

JOHN: you're not going anywhere, dummy. but if you ever had to, wouldn't you rather have enjoyed every precious day you got?

JOHN: even if't s just like. watching Con Air with your friends and family! or-

JOHN: ...making fun of goofy consorts and eating shitty ironic snacks while the perfect sunset goes down! you- you know.

JOHN: with someone you really mean a lot to. dick.

JOHN: we enjoy you! lighten up, sourpuss.

JOHN: and stop BRAINING so much, oh my god.

DIRK: ...

DIRK: It's interesting you would call a simple day precious while being aware of just how arbitrary and completely fucking bogus this universe's logic is, and just how many of them there must be out there.

DIRK: That said, I wish I could, dear John, but such is the burden of having a gigantic fucking brain inside your head. Several, even, if you count all of my other iterations.

DIRK: Can't really hide from the self-sabotaging circular thoughts. Might as well embrace them.

DIRK: ...

DIRK: I'm fine, John.

DIRK: I appreciate your concern, but this goes beyond just feeling shitty, you know.

DIRK: Nevertheless, your effort in comforting me is commendable. Does this come from the "benefits" part in "friends with benefits" or is it just the "friend"?

JOHN: oh great, we have an official title. pfft.

DIRK: It's a placeholder. We could go for the colloquial troll expression "rails with pails", although I think that's more inaccurate than the first.

JOHN: ...

JOHN: it's the part that cares about you, you jackass. maybe there's a whole different part altogether! ok no, that's lame.

JOHN: ...

JOHN: hey.

JOHN: let me have your dumb dorito shades real quick.

DIRK: Man, fans are getting mad invasive these days. Bitches can't seem get enough of them Strider eyes.

JOHN: orrrr, maybe it's just cause there are very dumb triangles covering those eyes, dirk. or maybe it's the allure of removing pretend force field. eheheheh. in any case: gimme.

DIRK: ...Fine.

DIRK: Here. Heat up, panties down, the works. Jus' try to keep it in your pants, we're in public.

DIRK: Although I doubt the consorts would even have the capacity to process something R rated among humans. Bucket knight has just started to roll around in the dirt over there.

JOHN: i'm not wearing any panties today. :B

DIRK: Naughty.

JOHN: ...thaaank you!

JOHN: oh yeah. i see it. loud and clear now. it's uncanny. undeniable. the proof, hidden behind the lamest anime accessory ever devised. like a beacon of realization, or something like that. i don't know.

DIRK: ...Are you having an epiphany? Should I get the press?

JOHN: most def. wanna bet it's just a salamander with a piece of paper on his rumpled hat? but hell yes. this bares witnessing. because i can see it all so clear now, side to side. all bets are off because there's only truth.

JOHN: ...these are the ember eyes that this man-made godly sunset was inspired on. :B

DIRK: ...

DIRK: Jesus fucking Christ, Egbert.

DIRK: Where did you get inspiration for that soap opera finale pick-up line? I'm motherfuckin' swooning.

JOHN: i'm looking at it, idiot.

JOHN: ...adorable idiot.

JOHN: of course as a poor imitation it pales in comparison, but- mmph!



DIRK:

JOHN:

DIRK: ...Such a romantic. Although you lose some points from having your hand on my ass.

JOHN: i live to serve. you and your ass. heheheheheh.

JOHN: ...that's your hip, genius. optimal squishing you closer position acquired.

JOHN: wanna watch the sun rise next? heh. wonk.

DIRK: And give the locals a show? Might as well, I guess.

DIRK: Take a page from your book of "enjoying each day" like an inspirational care home ad.

JOHN: as long as you're living it up, taking it in, and throwing down, i'll take it. something tells me you are?

JOHN: ...

JOHN: your cheeks must have been inspirational for sunset colors too, now that I think about it

DIRK: ...Shut up.

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Make sure to check the artists'
social media if you liked
their work.

And if you liked this fanzine,
feel free to share!

Happy 413!